

# Self Suicide

## Goldie Lookin' Chain

I'm gonna lie on my back and you put your fingers down my mouth right,  
No, no do it right, like augh ugh!  
I'm gonna do a Jimi Hendrix,  
Eugh, I'm gonna be sick in my sleep, eugh, augh ugh!

I tries to do it proper but kept comin' up a cropper  
I needs some hype I think I'll ram raid happy shopper  
Haven't got a car so I use a space hopper  
Bouncing to the window, cut my head, show stopper  
I want a hundred fans, 200 teeny boppers  
I want police protection from 87 coppers  
I wanna go gold even better platinum  
If you wanna be a star you gotta kill yourself, man  
It's the truth step back, take a look around  
Elvis is dead for being fat, 500 pound  
Kurt Cobain's rich as fuck he's buried in the ground  
Jimi Hendrix and his amp still ain't makin' no sound  
Michael hutchence, he's one of 'em too  
Made a hundred million quid dying tossing on the loo

S U I C I D E

It might be messy but it's money for free

Suicide is painless or so it has been said  
I could've killed myself but I'd be better off dead  
So I took a deep breath, put a gun against my head  
Pulled the trigger, click, should've been eating lead  
But I wasn't, I was naked in john frost square  
Mothers with pushchairs stopped and stared  
For this situation I was quite unprepared  
Tried suicide to be famous but nobody cared

Committing suicide to enhance my career  
It worked for mickey and Tupac Shakir  
Jesus was nailed up to some wood  
2000 years later and book sales are still good  
I heard in a song suicide is painless  
And it's 80% sure to make you famous  
W4nking with a bag on yer head tied to a door  
That bloke from I-N-X-S he knew the score

S U I C I D E, it might be messy but it's money for free  
S U I C I D E, it might be messy but it's money for free

I gotta kill myself, I gotta do's it quick  
John entwistle sly, he was snorting arsenic  
I keep taking all this coke to make me die  
Doin' more drugs than they make in fuckin' I-C-I  
It's the best way to go, don't think me dull  
I'm not gonna fall off the roof like the flid rod hull  
We want people to sing all our songs  
And the nuns at saint Joseph's rappin' on smokin' bongs  
We wanna be remembered when we're six feet under  
For hip-hoppin' not robins fuckin' beatings or plunder  
At the moment I'm not dead like David kampasey  
Double platinum means you gotta be pushin' up daisies  
Dad's army's all dead, every last one

But the cents are still going on BBC1  
Yeah that's right I smoke draw from wales  
Suicide's a good idea to improve vinyl sales

It's useless, it's crap, I'll never be in the sun  
How can I be a pop star when I can't buy a gun?  
Jimmy Morrison overdosed in the bath  
I know, I'll hang myself with my scarf  
Tied to the stairs, dangling by my neck  
The cord length I forgot to check  
Stuck it for a week, unable to shriek  
The landlord found me and he called me a freak  
He cut me down and started to laugh  
'if you're dead next week gimme your autograph'  
You know I thanked him, returned to my room  
The new plan is to go out with a boom  
To the station, with a petrol can  
Five pound please, I say to the man  
All set up and ready to burn  
The wheel on my lighter just won't turn

Suicide is a suicyclebbbl  
Suicide is a suicyclebbbl  
Suicide is a suicyclebbbl, I wanna be famous after I die

Proven fact, man, if you're dead you sell more  
That drummer from def leopard, his arm has made 30 times more than he has  
You know our elvis? well, he's dead famous now and he's dead and he's fa  
He's more famous now like  
He's dead like you know, that's what it's all about like  
It's fuckin' simple economics  
They reckon bob marley's dead but he's not, man,  
Cause he was on the TV last night, man  
Just don't lie to me, man  
I thought I was havin' a go at an overdose,  
But I I I don't think you can overdose on beechams flu plus  
I think one of the blokes off of dads army is still alive,  
I think he's bumming martin in eastenders innit?  
I'll get the ropes, and we'll tie them to the walls,  
And we all jump off at the same time and break our necks  
And we'll make at least 13 quid and you  
Knows we'll be famous like fuckin' Gandhi  
Or like the bloke off that sex film we seen